

Fifty Cents the Year --- Nine Numbers

The Forestonian

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PRAIRIE LAND

The mountains and woods so enchanting,
Have many a charm for me;
Yet sweeter than these is the rolling plain,
Where life is so full and free.

Here life has an air of retirement,
'Neath skies of a sunny hue;
All this renders life so enticing,
And hides other scenes from our view.

Far out o'er the broad, level wheat-field
Comes the voice of the plowman clear,
As he urges his team to haste onward
E're the cold, frosty winter draws near.

On the breath of the still, balmy evening
The coyote's loud howl is heard,
And out from the lofty maple
Come the notes of the mocking bird.

Ah! free, happy life on the prairie!
What would I exchange for thee!

Lillie G. Shafer

Kearn 10
Favor 6

MAY 1915



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The Forestonian

Vol. III

May, 1915

No. 8

MASTERY OF OUR THOTS

Arthur Hollenbeck

ONE of the many things that is undermining human character to-day is the fact that all of us are in the midst of such a hurly-burly state of excitement and turmoil that we have little time for that mental contemplation and digestion which is essential to soul growth. The world is full of action and this is good in its time and place; it is right to be strenuous part of the time, but we require time to consider the ways of our life; whether it is being spent in the service of the Giver of Life or in the service of the Destroyer. Humanity is doomed unless the wisdom which has been acquired in our every-day life is taken to heart and directed in the right channel.

In surrendering ourselves to the many demands of the hour we allow our thots to become our master instead of retaining our rightful control over them. The inspired writer stated a great thruth when he said, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." More modern writers have expressed the same thot in these words, "Nurture your mind with great thots; to believe in the heroic makes heroes." "Acquire a government over your own ideas, that they may come when they are called and depart when they are bidden."

If our minds are filled with high and wholesome thots our life will be a life of wholesome service. A man who assiduously cultivates the habit of entertaining pure thots and says, "Get thee behind me," to all unworthy ideas and suggestions, creates for himself in his own soul a perfect world, a veritable heaven on earth, and from which no one can expel him. Such a man is a fit candidate for the world to come.

Many people are afraid to be left alone with their own thots. If there is not "something going on" all the time, they become sullen and depressed. They have never stored pure thots in their mind for time of famine. They are spiritually bankrupt. It is no wonder that such people sooner or later start on the downward path. They require perpetual diversion and excitement to drive dull care away. They have become the weak victims of their surroundings and are held fast in the grasp of their conqueror, Destruction.

Man is a thinking animal. We learn in psychology that man cannot help but think, at least in the minor sense of the term. We are conscious of a continually passing, ever changing stream of thot. We cannot stop the stream at will but we can direct it. As the stream of thot passes we should cling to that which makes us better and let the other pass quickly by. It may be asked how are you to know what is for our good. We have a conscience and we know by instinct what is good or what is morally vile. The trouble is not in knowing; it is

in making the choice, and it is this moral courage that we must patiently cultivate day by day.

It may well be said that none of us are in a position to preach sermons to others on this subject, or to cast the first stone. We have not the power to look into any other individual's mind, but it is probable that even the greatest and best of people are beset by these mental temptations. Some narrow-minded man criticized Socrates because his face had such a beset look. He answered calmly that it was true he was by nature a man of evil proclivities but that by deliberate will power he had forced himself to keep in the right path. If Socrates, who was a heathen, had such power, we should have much more when we grasp the hand of our Guide.



GOD IN MUSIC

J. S. Washburn

MUSIC is divine in its origin. It is one of the most blessed of the many "good and perfect gifts that cometh down from the Father" in heaven.

At Creation's dawn the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." And after the awful night of sin is ended, when death itself shall die, when tears shall forever be wiped away, when every wail and curse and discordant cry of pain and anguish is hushed forever--- ah, then there will be music, glorious, tender, sweet, triumphant !

"And I heard a great voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and the voice of a great thunder, and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps, and they sang as it were a new song before the throne." As at creation, music and only music at the end can fittingly celebrate the accomplishment of God's glorious purpose. "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings saying, 'Alelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.'" In the great Crystal Palace in London I heard three thousand of the finest voices in England sing the great chorus to Handel's Messiah. There were over five hundred instruments and one of the largest organs in the world. The "Hallelujah Chorus," so thrillingly sung, from the scripture words above quoted, brot vividly before me in imagination the innumerable company of angels and the host of redeemed which no man can number that shall unite in that thunderous triumphant chorus, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." What will it be to join in that glorious anthem of praise when sin and death are forever ended?

But oh, let me say with deepest reverence and solemnity there is something even yet more wonderful. God himself, God, the eternal, infinite Father, shall sing for joy when He brings home the loved and lost. "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty. He will save. He will rejoice over thee with singing."¹ Oh what

1. Zeph. 3:15.

will it be to hear the eternal Father's song of joy over His redeemed. The highest joy amid the unutterable bliss of eternity will be to see His face and to hear His voice. When we hear the infinite glory and tenderness, the awful beauty and loveliness of the heavenly Father's song of joy and triumph, truly then we may say--- "We have never before heard music." To hear this glorious song would well repay ten thousand years of pain.

Yet even now in this dark world of sin, so far from heaven and God, we may hear in all true music the voice and call of God; for music is God's gift to man. When listening to music, true music, tender and sweet, who has not been drawn upward and out of himself, while into his heart came swelling tides of longing and hope for something higher and sweeter and holier than he can speak in words. Music, true music, is the heavenly, the divine call. How many souls have been touched, drawn upward and saved eternally by the power of sacred song.

Then sing, oh sing from the heart, of God and heaven, of love divine and life everlasting, bringing to your own soul peace and joy and blessing, and to those in the darkness and shadow of death, life and light and hope eternal. Yea sing thru this awful night of war and trouble and death, till the dawning of the eternal morn, when in response to the heavenly Father's glorious song of "Welcome Home," every creature which is in heaven and in earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them shall sing, "Blessing and honor and glory and

power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and ur.to
the Lamb forever and ever."



STEADFASTNESS

Carol Favor

WE may all have high ideals or high aspirations to which we wish to attain. It may be the mastering of a certain course in college; or in some other branch of work. Whatever the ideal of our life-work may be, we should have an eager, ardent zeal to attain to the topmost round of proficiency in it.

In order to do this one must cultivate thoroness: for unless our training has been thoro and careful, our labor will be careless and slack. A close second to thoroness is stick-to-itiveness, without which we can hope to acquire nothing of real value.

If the algebra lesscn is hard and the x's and y's will not separate at the first trial; or if our poetical nature will not assert itself, and the required twelv lines that are due at class time just will not write themselves; then it is high time to call forth our stick-to-itiveness and camp right there on that algebra or rhetoric lesscn until it is mastered. For in no other way than by perseverance can we hope to become capable of wrestling with the battles of life and gaining victory.

If while young, perseverance is developed, there can be no doubt of our climbing the ladder of success.

The climb may be long but it can be done for perseverance knows not defeat.



THE BREEZY CALL OF MORN

Truman Bartholomew

TRILLING over the mountain in advance of the first sparkling rays of sunlight, come breezy little messengers calling to every bird and flower the vibrant song, "Wake up." Tho they travel at wonderful speed, these heralds never miss the most lonely flower, but stop and care for each drooping head with Heaven's ointment, the dew.

Over the plains these messengers sweep with their anthem of hope and cheer. But what do they leave behind? What result has their mission achieved? A smiling Earth, full of the whistling notes of birds, and the redolent sweets of many flowers. What a glorious reception for old Sol, the King of Nature. What beauty has come from the heat of the day before! Surely He must feel repaid for his labors.

What are you leaving behind? Remember that tokens of love given day by day will produce showers of blessing, spreading their refreshing fragrance over the hills and valleys of our existence, revolving themselves at last into a veritable deluge of human sympathy.



If a thing is worth learning, do not back down because it comes from an inferior source. R. W. Conard

SPRINGTIME

God's beautiful Spring is in the air,
Warming each fiber of life,
Stirring each throbbing heart with joy
And lightening every strife.

The non-discordant melody
Of birds on every hand,
The music of the rising mists
That float above the land,
The dandelion's smiling face
That brightens every field,
The comfort of the climbing Sun,---
Are all Spring's happy yield.

The warmth of day is not too hot--
The evenings,-- not too cool;
We travel on the happy mean;
'Tis Spring's unchanging rule.

Let the cheerfulness of Nature's mood,
Revealed in her smile,
In every human being,too,
Be reflected all the while.

Andrew N. Nelson



PERSEVERANCE

Edna Hollenbeck

JIT is perseverance that molds and accomplishes whatever is great, good and valuable in life. We have been told that "Continual dropping wears a stone" and just so will persevering labor win for us anything which we may desire.

It is very easy, when thinking of men whose great and useful lives have given to their names a charm, to say that they possessed genius, but how few times do we ever stop to think that at one time they were as weak as ourselves. It is true that these men had talents which lay along certain lines, but of what use would these talents have been had they been left uncultivated and unused; for as a certain author has expressed it, "Genius, unexercised, is no more genius than a bushel of acorns in a forest of oaks." It therefore behooves each one of us to find our talents, however few and small they may be, and with untiring perseverance to strengthen them and soon our influence will spread among those around us. Even Genius will falter by the side of unremitting Industry and Toil.

Perseverance will gain for us a large circle of friends. The persevering and energetic youth is sure to find true and generous friends to help him in any time of need. It is always the man who will not falter when he comes to hard places in life rather than the lazy and indolent one who is wanted and searched for throughout the world.

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THE idea of standing for right, firmly grounded on principle, unswayed by the torrents of time or the gigantic stream of popularity is an old one, yet not too old to be in vogue.

Far back in the Ante Christum Natum age Jacob declared to his son Reuben, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." True as these words are, just so truly should the principle set forth be moulded in the life of every individual.

In the present age, however, when men are trampling one upon another, "When the whatever is, is right" theory is prevalent, when Mr ---'s ideas are just as noble and valuable as those of his friends or neighbors, it seems that we have included with the original term "unstable," a vast host of synonyms, and apparently antonyms as well.

Some erroneously conceive that the term unstable implies set determination in every thought and action. They would fain include in its scope the more modern expres-

sions of stubbornness and bull-headedness, whereas Jacob meant to convey the idea of being firmly grounded on principle. As a matter of fact, there is a vast difference between principle and bull-headedness. Some glory that they are invincible, firmly grounded on principle, when in truth they have only a super-added store of bull-headedness.

Principle is the division line between conscious right and wrong, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," whereas bull-headedness is the huge, insurmountable wall that one has gradually built up about himself, and from which he is constantly hurling javelins of his own make upon those without. He deems himself a suitable candidate, the one candidate, for the advisership of all human beings.



THE most of us are not blessed with knowledge and none have more than they can use. As a rule, if the truth were known, we are blessed with ignorance and inability to understand and comprehend the lessons hidden away beneath that old dusty garb, our round of daily toil. A lesson that is not too simple for the learned, not too difficult for the school child, yet valuable enough to command the attention of all. One which should become a part of us, lived out momently; yet neglected by so many,--- that of believing, knowing and realizing the presence of a divine power.

(continued from page 9)

Sometimes in thinking of the larger and harder tasks of life we forget to be faithful about the smaller duties, but we will find that by doing to the very best of our ability the smaller and meaner tasks that come to us each day we will be strengthened for the larger ones, or as Cady has expressed it, "He who would do a great thing well must first have done the simplest thing perfectly."

By continued perseverance we may cause the barriers in our path to be broken down; then even the darkest clouds will break away and we can see the beauty of the silver lining. Many times the thing that seems to us to be the greatest barrier proves a sure means of victory; for an enemy once conquered is often a most ready slave and thus affords a vantage ground for our future efforts.

If we long for a bright and successful life, we must first learn to labor and to wait; for no matter what kind of work we may choose we will find it true that well directed toil is the price of success. We cannot expect to gain our desired end in one strong effort. The sculptor does not strike his stone with one heavy blow but by steadily chiseling day after day he causes the once rude looking stone to take the beautiful shape of his pattern. Life is not an idle game but is filled with stern realities so let us therefor without hesitating or trembling keep steadily at the duties before us, always remembering that in the end we shall be rewarded.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS

Flossie Houde

WHAT is kindness? It is being kind not only to friends, but to all with whom we come in contact.

We have Jesus as our great example. He was kind to every one whether they abused Him or not. Especially do we call to view the scene when the crown of thorns was placed upon His head. Not an unkind word did He utter; not an unkind act did He perform, as many of us would have done, because He knew that He must suffer, bleed and die to save His people from their sins.

Kindness creates love and friendship in our hearts. Just a little, kind deed often wins the love and admiration of an enemy. We sometimes do a kind deed for a stranger without realizing it, and thus win their friendship.

Kindness is the strongest of powers, but it is not always used rightly.

If each of us would do unto others as we would that others would do unto us, kindness would not be misused. Kindness is not always caused by friendship, but friendship is always the result of deeds of kindness. No one is sorry after they have done a kind act and small indeed is the number that does not appreciate the effort thus expended.

A little act of kindness has saved many a soul from the depths of sin, and if we could only see such opportunities, by the most of us they would be diligently improved.

This school year is drawing rapidly to a close. Only a few short weeks, in which we may enjoy the pleasant associations of schoolmates and teachers. One almost regrets that the time is so close at hand, when he thinks of being separated from the companionship of those with whom he has spent the past school months so pleasantly.

On the evening after the Sabbath, April the 3rd, the Philomation Literary Society held its last meeting for this school year. We hope that the society will be carried on as successfully the coming year as it has thus far this year.

Mr Arthur Nelson filled the position of dairy maid and engineer at the Academy during the absence of Mr Bartholomew to the young people's convention in Bellingham.

Mr O. C. Hollenbeck has returned home from the Burlington Hospital where he has been for the past five weeks. We are glad to report that he is improving rapidly and is able to be up in his chair.

A number of Forestonians attended the oratorical contest at Avon, on the evening after the Sabbath, Apr. 10. Miss Juanita Fairly, formerly a student of the Academy, was the winner of one of the prizes given for the best speaking.

Arthur Hollenbeck returned to his school work at Pacific Union College.

Raymond Johnston of Texas has come to pay his grandparents a visit.

Professor D. D. Rees, for five years a resident of Forest Home, and four years principal of the Academy, took his family to Auburn for the summer, after which he will go to Walla Walla College to take charge of the English Department.

Miss Ellen Atkin, having lately recovered from illness, goes to her home in Enumclaw.

Miss Lillie Shafer and her sister, Mrs Evilsisor, spent three days in Bellingham as delegates to the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Convention.

Blasting earthquakes repeatedly jar Forest Home as the charcoal stumps far and near are going sky-high to make room for rolling farms.

Miss Violet and her brother, Percy Scott, just returned from a trip to Home Sweet Home, Seattle.

Mr Albert Adams has been called home for three weeks. We'll be glad to see his smile with us again.

Professor Baber has barricaded the young orchard to prevent Mern, Kate, Violet, Flossy and Lyn, the Academy cows, from putting an end to the newly discovered signs of life.

The Physics laboratory work is progressing successfully. When commencement arrives forty experiments will have been performed.

Enlivening rains and beautiful sunsets alternate with refreshing variance.

Eight bells and all's well at Forest Home.



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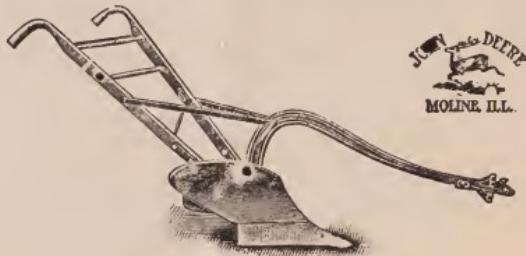
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